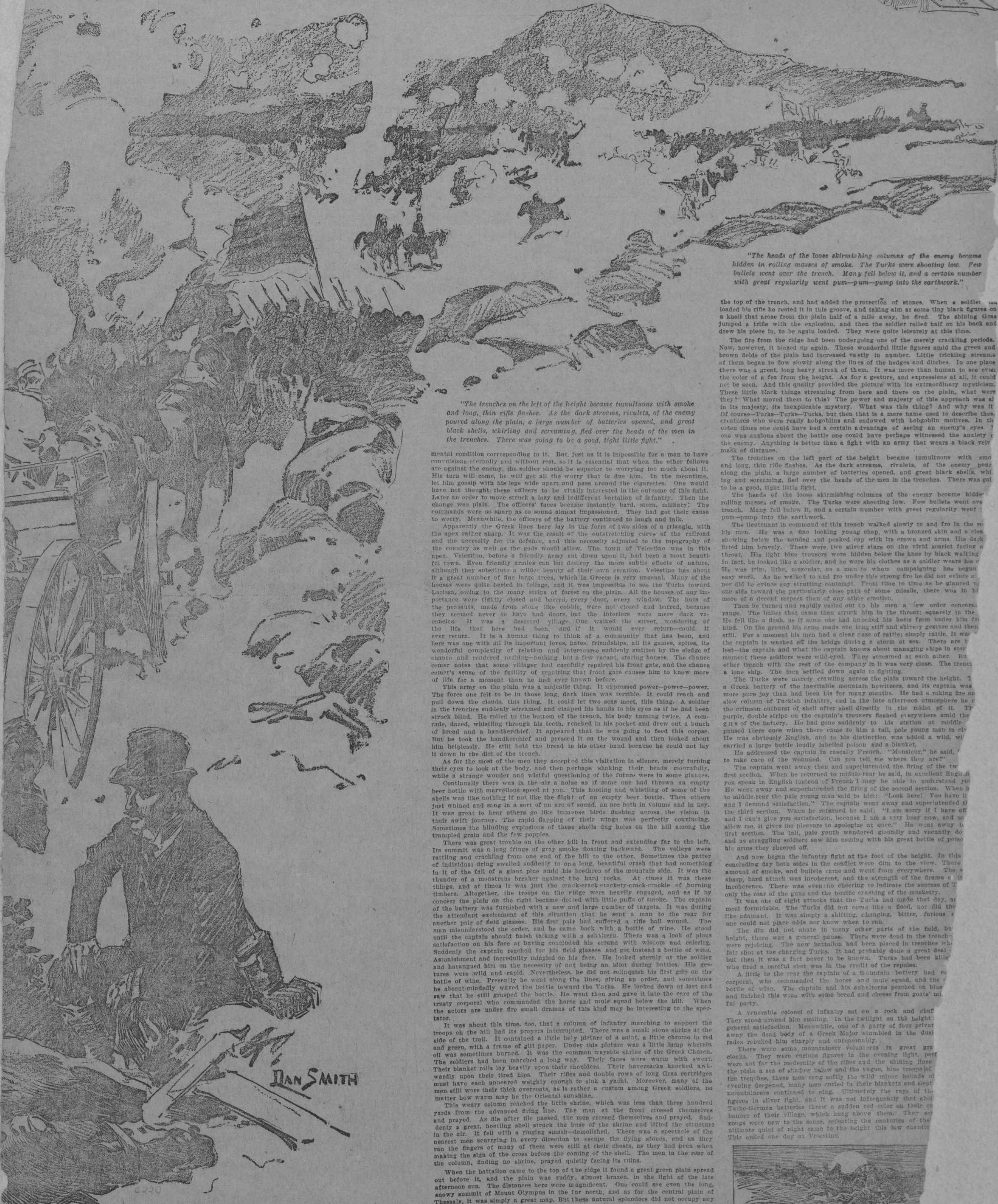


A black and white photograph of a small, dark, rectangular object, possibly a piece of wood or metal, with the word "BRASS" visible on its side. The object is oriented horizontally and appears to be a component of a larger assembly.



"The heads of the loose skirmishing columns of the enemy became hidden in rolling masses of smoke. The Turks were shooting low. Few bullets went over the trench. Many fell below it, and a certain number with great regularity sent pum—pum—pum into the earthcork."

"The trenches on the left of the height became tumultuous with smoke and long, thin rifle flashes. As the dark streams, rivulets, of the enemy poured along the plain, a large number of batteries opened, and great black shells, whirling and screaming, fled over the heads of the men in the trenches. There was going to be a good, tight little fight."

mental condition corresponding to it. But, just as it is impossible for a man to have convulsions sternly and without rest, so it is essential that when the other fellows are against the enemy, the soldier should be superior to worrying too much about it. His turn will come, he will get all the worry that is due him. In the meantime, let him gossip with his legs wide apart and pass around the cigarettes. One would have not thought these officers to be vitally interested in the outcome of this fight. Later an order to move struck a lazy and indifferent battalion of infantry. Then the change was plain. The officers' faces became instantly hard, stern, military! The commands were so sharp as to sound almost impassioned. They had got their cause to worry. Meanwhile, the officers of the battery continued to laugh and talk.

Apparently the Greek lines here lay in the form of two sides of a triangle, with the apex rather sharp. This was the result of the outstretching curve of the railroad and the necessity for its defence, and this necessity adjusted to the topography of the country as well as the gods would allow. The town of Velestino was in the apex. Velestino, before a friendly army sat down upon it, had been a most beautiful town. Even friendly armies can but destroy the more subtle effects of nature, although they substitute a vilder beauty of their own creation. Velestino has about it a great number of fine bare trees, which in Greece is very unusual. Many of the houses were quite buried in foliage, and it was impossible to see the Turks toward the hills, although the hills were close at hand. All the windows of the houses were portance were tightly closed and barred, even the doors, every window. The walls of the peasants, made from stone like cobble, were not closed and barred, because they seemed never to have had doors, but the interiors were mere dark vacancies. It was a deserted village. One walked the street, wondering of the life that here had been, and if it would ever return—could ever return. It is a human thing to think of a community that has been, and here was one with all its important loves, hates, friendships, all its games, spite, its wonderful complexity of relation and intercourse suddenly smitten by the sledge of chance and rendered nothing but a few ruins, stark and bare. The chance of the sledge was the coming of the Bulgars, and the sledge was the Bulgars. The chance corner's sense of the fatality of repining that front gate causes him to know more of life for a moment than he had ever known before.

This army on the plain was a majestic thing, a expressed power—power—power. The force one felt by being there long, dark lines were terrible. It could reach and pull down the clouds. This thing! It could let two souls meet, this thing. A soldier in the trenches suddenly screamed and clasped his hands to his eyes as if he had been struck blind. He relied to the bottom of the trench, his body turning twice. A comrade, dazed, whistling through his teeth, reached in his pocket and drew out a bunch of bread and a handkerchief. It appeared that he was going to feed this corpse. But he took the handkerchief and pressed it on the wound and then looked about him helplessly. He still held the bread in his other hand because he could not lay it down in the dirt of the trench.

As for the most of the men they accepted this visitation in silence, merely turning their eyes to look at the body, and then perhaps shaking their heads mournfully, while a strange wonder and wistful questioning of the future were in some glances.

Continually there was in the air a noise as if some one had thrown an empty beer bottle with marvellous speed against a wall. This booming and whistling of some of the shells was like the sound of the flight of an empty beer bottle. Then others flew whirling and sang in a sort of unbroken sound, an arc both in volume and in key. It was great to hear others go like immense birds flashing across the vision in their swift journey. The rapid flapping of their wings was perfectly convincing. Sometimes the blinding explosions of these shells dug holes on the hill among the trampled grain and the few poppies.

There was great trouble on the other hill in front and extending far to the left. Its summit was a long fringe of gray smoke floating backward. The volleys were rattling and crackling from one end of the hill to the other. Sometimes the patter of individual firing swelled suddenly to one long, beautiful crash that had something in it of the fall of a giant pine amid his brethren of the mountain side. It was a thunder of a monstrous breaker against the hard rocks. At times it was these things, and at times it was just the crack-crack-crackety-crack-crackle of burning timbers. Altogether, the troops on the ridge were heavily engaged, and as if by concert the plain on the right became dotted with little puffs of smoke. The captain of the battery was furnished with a new and large number of targets. It was during the attendant excitement of this situation that he sent a man to the rear for another pair of field glasses. His first pair had suffered a rifle ball wound. The man misunderstood the order, and he came back with a bottle of wine. He stood until the captain should finish talking with a subaltern. There was a look of absolute satisfaction on his face as he handed the glass to the captain with wisdom and celerity. Suddenly the captain reached for his field glasses and got instead a bottle of wine. Astonishment and incredulity mingled on his face. He looked sternly at the soldier and hawinged him on the necessity of not being an idiot during battles. His gestures were wild and rapid. Nevertheless, he did not relinquish his first grin on the bottle of wine. Presently he went along the lines, giving an order, and sometimes he absent-mindedly waved the bottle toward the Turks. He looked down at last and saw that he still grasped the bottle. He went then and gave it into the care of the trusty corporal who commanded the horse and mule squad below the hill. When the actors are under fire small dramas of this kind may be interesting to the spectator.

It was about this time, too, that a column of infantry marching to support the troops on the hill had its prayers interrupted. There was a small stone shrine at the side of the trail. It contained a little holy picture of a saint, a little chrome in red and green, with a frame of gilt paper. Under this picture was a little lamp wherein oil was sometimes burned. It was the common wayside shrine of the Greek Church. The soldiers had been marched a long way. Their faces were warm with sweat. They took their blankets roll heavily upon their shoulders. Their hands were sore from the hard work of carrying the long brass cartridges wardly upon their tired hips. Their legs were light enough to sink a yacht. Moreover, many of them still wore their thick overcoats, as is rather a custom among Greek soldiers, under the burning rays he the Oriental sunshine.

This story was told by the little shrine, which was less than three hundred yards from the advanced firing line. The men at the front crossed themselves and prayed. As the fire after fire passed, the men crossed themselves and prayed. Suddenly a great, hostile shell struck the base of the shrine and lifted the structure into the air. It fell with a ringing smash—demolished. There was a speinture of the nearest men scurrying in every direction to see what was going on. They ran the fingers of their right hands across their chests as if they had been warned. Making the sign of the cross before the coming of the shell. The men in the rear of the column, finding no shrine, prayed quietly facing its ruins.

When the battalions came to the top of the ridge it found a great open plain spread out before it, and the plain was ruddy, almost brown. In the light of the afternoon sun. The distances here were magnificent. One could see even the long, snowy summit of Mount Olympus in the far north, and as for the central plain of Thessaly, it was simply a great map. But these natural splendours did not occupy an serious part of the battalion's attention. The men of the Thessaly Battalion of a good fight. At the same time, they peered anxiously over the crest of the ridge. Below, and in front some yards, there was a trench, and in this trench there were perhaps forty Greek soldiers. These soldiers had hollowed little places

the top of the trench, and had added the protection of stones. When a soldier loaded his rifle he rested it in this groove, and taking aim at some tiny black figures on a knoll that arose from the plain half of a mile away, he fired. The shining Grass jumped a trifle with the explosion, and then the soldier rolled half on his back and drew his piece in, to be again loaded. They were quite leisurely at this time.

The fire from the ridge had been undergirding one of the merely crackling periods. Now, however, it blazed up again. These wonderful little figures amid the green and brown fields of the plain had increased vastly in number. Little trickling streams of them began to flow slowly along the lines of the hedges and ditches. In one place there was a great, long heavy streak of them. It was more than human to see even the color of a fez from the height. As for a posture, and expressions at all, it could not be seen. And this quality provided the picture with its extraordinary mysticism. These little black things streaming from here and there on the plain, what were they? What moved them to this? The power and majesty of this approach was all in its majesty, its inexplicable mystery. What was it doing? And what was it courting? But first there was that! There was that! I must describe these creatures who were really hobgoblins and endowed with hobgoblin motives. In olden times one could have had a certain advantage of seeing an enemy's eyes; I am anxious about the battle one could have perhaps witnessed the anxiety of the enemy. Anything is better than a fight with an army that wears a black velvet mask of distance.

The trenches on the left part of the height became tumultuous with smoke and long, thin rifle flashes. As the dark streams, rivulets, of the enemy pour along the plain, a large number of batteries opened, and great black shells, whirling and screaming, flew over the heads of the men in the trenches. There was going to be a good, tight fight.

The heads of the loose skirmishing columns of the enemy became hidden rolling masses of smoke. The Turks were shooting low. Few bullets went over the trench. Many fell below it, and a certain number with great regularity went plump—plump into the earthwork.

Heutenant Houten of this trench walked slowly to and fro in the trench. He was a fine looking young chap, with a bronzed skin and a clean showing below the bandaged and peaked cap with its crown and arms. His dark fitted him bravely. There were two silver stars on the vivid scarlet facing a throat. His light blue trousers were hidden below the knee by black walking. In fact, he looked like a soldier, and he wore his clothes as a soldier wears his. He was trim, lithe, muscular, as a man to whom campaigning has begun. Easy work. As he walked to and fro under this strong fire he did not once at all give the slightest sign of being in the least uncomfortable. He was glauced up one side toward the particularly close path or some missile, there was in him more of a decent respect than of any other emotion.

More or a decent respect than of any other soldier. Then he turned and rapidly called out to his men a few order concerns. The bullets whizzed, then struck him in the throat; squarely in the heart like a flash, as if some one had knocked his heels from under him from behind. On the ground his arms made one long stiff and shivery gesture and then still. For a moment his men had a clear case of rattle; simply rattle. It was the captain is washed off the bridge during a storm at sea. There are a lot—the captain and what the captain knows about managing ships in storm moment these soldiers were wild-eyed. They screamed at each other. But other trench with the rest of the company in it was very close. The trench a lone ship. The men settled down again to fighting.

a lone ship. The men settled down again to fighting. The Turks were merely crawling across the plain toward the heights. The Greek battery of the invisible mountain batteries, and its captain was more pure joy than had been his for many months. He had a raking drive on slow column of Turkish infantry, and in the late afternoon atmosphere he could see the crimson outburst of shell after shell directly in the midst of it. The purple, double outburst on the captain's trousers flashed everywhere amid the smoke of the battery. He had gone sadly to his station at middle distance there once when there came to him a tall, pale young man in civil. He was obviously English, and to his distinction was added a wild, wailing, a large bottle loudly labelled poison, and a blanket.

He addressed the captain in rascally French. "Monsieur," he said, "to take care of the wounded. Can you tell me where they are?"

The captain went away then and superintended the firing of the first section. When he returned to middle-rear he said, "Excellent English you speak in English. Instead of French I may be able to understand you. He went away and superintended the firing of the second section. When he returned to middle-rear he said to him: "Look here! You have it and I demand satisfaction." The captain went away and superintended the firing of the third section. When he returned he said: "I am sorry if I have off and I can't give you satisfaction, because I am a very busy now, and so allow me, it gives me pleasure to apologize at once." He went away to first section. The tall, pale youth wandered gloomily and vacantly down the line, and as straggling soldiers saw him coming with his great bottle of poison his arms they sheered off.

And now began the infantry fight at the foot of the height. In this concluding day both sides in the conflict were dim to the view. There amount of smoke, and bullets came and went from everywhere. The sharp, hard attack was incoherent, and the strength of the drama of it incoherence. There was even no cheering to indicate the success of the attack, only the roar of the guns and the terrific crashing of the musketry.

It was one of eight attacks that the Turks had made that day, at most formidable. The Turks did not come like a flood, nor did the like adamant. It was simply a shifting, changing, bitter, furious force, one could not place odds nor know when to run.

The din did not abate in many other parts of the field, but height, there was a general pause. There were dead in the trenches were rejoicing. The new battalion had been placed in trenches who fair shot at the charging Turks. It had probably done a great deal but then it was a fact never to be known. Turks had been killed who fired a careful shot was in the crowd of the repulse.

A little to the rear the captain of a mountain battery had a corporal, who commanded the horse and mule squad, and the bottle of wine. The captain and his subalterns perched on blue and finished this wine with some bread and cheese from goats' milk party.

A venerable colonel of infantry sat on a rock and chafed. They stood around him smiling. In the twilight on the height general satisfaction. Meanwhile, one of a party of four privates away the dead body of a Greek Major stumbled in the dust and was rebuked him sharply and unreasonably.

There were some mountain volunteers in great green slonks. They were curious figures in the evening light, part were not for the modernity of the slonks and the shining lines of the pluin a sea of shadow below and the vague, blue tints of the trenches, these men sang softly the wild minor ballads of the evening deepened, many men curled in their blankets and slept. mountaineers continued to sing. Ultimately the rays of the figures in silver light, and it was not infrequently that shot Turko-German batteries threw a sudden red color on their own banner of their village, which hung above them. They saw songs were new to the sense, reflecting the centuries of the ultimate quiet of night came to the height this low chanting. This ended one day at Velesina.

in the Thick of the Fight.

DAN SMITH

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